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promise of Swinburne—a soul so different from his own and from those he most admired. Writing in 1865, he told his brother: "If I were to risk a prophecy I should say that Mrs. Swinburne's *cousin*, I think, the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon,' is the most promising of the young writers." Dowden was always well aware of Swinburne's posing, and by a law of his own nature he disliked the poet's diabolism and excesses of all kinds; but he could admire even where he did not wholly like, and he had a good word even for Swinburne's critical faculty, "full of fire and penetrating admiration," though "quite untrustworthy." Always despite much "submission," he preserved his soul entire; he dreaded to lose himself in the "maelstrom" of Goethe, and cried out from the depths that Goethe is not an all-sufficing gospel.

As in the case of nearly all great men, we are smitten with wonder, when we approach his life closely, at the much that Dowden accomplished despite drudgery and distractions, though to him our "much" was little enough. Professor Dowden liked his leisure and his musings. "I swim and walk and lie on the cliffs in the sun all day and every day," he writes from the coast of Kerry; and often to a similar effect. He had time for this sort of thing, though not so much as he wished for; and one letter reveals him as an interested, if not an enthusiastic, golfer. We remember that the fine spirit that sees its way clearly and moves undistractedly, knowing that there are other things in the world besides labor and learning, may surprise us by the amount of its accomplishment as well as can the spirit, less fine perhaps and altogether strenuous by temperament, of the born deliver.

THE BERRY PAPERS. Edited by LEWIS MELVILLE. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

One would like to find in these letters of Mary and Agnes Berry—genuine, familiar records of social life from 1763 to 1852—one would like to find in these letters, rescued from forgetfulness and carefully edited, something of real value to human nature and to scholarship; and one is inclined to feel some shame that one is not easily able to do so. The special claim of the Berry sisters to our consideration is that Horace Walpole took very particular notice of them. "Many who would long since have sunk into oblivion," writes Mr. Melville, "survive until to-day in the pages of the greatest biographer or the greatest letter-writer that the world has ever known. This, it must be confessed, is the lot of Mary and Agnes Berry." For them Walpole wrote his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.*, and to them he dedicated the famous *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill*. He was lover-like toward both in a caressing, elderly way, and he playfully referred to them as his two wives. So far as the personality or genius of the Earl of Orford is concerned, the record is not very illuminating. It shows him perhaps rather more in the light of a good-natured and somewhat silly old fellow than we have been accustomed to think of him. He was even said to be jealous of the friendship of Mary Berry for the talented sculptress Mrs. Damer—before her marriage, Anne Seymour Conway—whose statue as the Muse of Sculpture, carved by Ceracchi, stands in the entrance-hall of the British Museum.

As personalities, the letter-writers are, for the most part, grievously disappointing. The sisters and Mrs. Damer are extremely garrulous, and as

informing as a nice sense of what was due to their position in life allowed them to be. They are garrulous—but not like Pepys. Pepys, one supposes, might nowadays be described as what is popularly called a “low-brow”; the Berrys, on the contrary, and Mrs. Damer—especially *Mrs. Damer*—are quite painfully “high-brow”—the latter term connoting, it may be supposed, something of the affectation of learning. Mrs. Damer is endlessly guilty of the present much-berated fault of using a French word where an English word would do as well (the heinousness of this crime was not widely appreciated in the early eighteen-hundreds), and, what is worse, she is for ever dragging in Latin quotations by the hair of their heads—not sparing even the venerable *Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit*.

All three ladies continually protest their undying affection for one another, and they squander a vast deal of paper and ink in proving to their mutual satisfaction how exactly right and consonant with the highest ideals of ladyhood and good sense are their opinions upon largely rather trivial matters. Really, they run on at a terrible rate. One section of the book is devoted to Mary Berry's love-affair with General O'Hara—the same who figures in all text-books of American history as the officer by whom Cornwallis sent his sword to Washington at Yorktown. They were betrothed, it seems; but they never married—largely, we gather, on Walpole's account: a circumstance which seems to imply a rather weak supposal of the soldier's worth, or a serious lack somewhere. The affair is not heart-warming. Indeed, if the letters are interesting at all, it is for the same reason that they are rather unattractive: namely, that they are stained so deeply with the spirit of society in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Much of the gossip in the book reminds one somewhat of the language attributed (no doubt falsely) to the Knave of Hearts:

“My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.”

“Is the right word,” we ask, somewhat puzzled, “‘important’ or ‘unimportant’?” The ladies are bowed on to the stage by Walpole, and bowed off, with perfect grace, by Thackeray. All “the between” is rather barren; though there is mention of contemporary notables on nearly every page of the letters, and the close student of the period will doubtless find something to ponder in them.

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS. By F. LAURISTON BULLARD. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1914.

The war correspondents are men one likes to know something about; they are in many cases men of parts, men of resource, too, whose delightful and dangerous business it is to be where the most excitement and danger are to be found. Mr. Bullard, in his workmanlike book, *Famous War Correspondents*, gives substantial and often picturesquely interesting accounts of the best known “specials,” from William Howard Russell to Richard Harding Davis. The volume seems specially good reading for the young man interested in newspaper work or for the student in a school of